Wichita Eagle

THE CHINESE LADIES.

MEANING THOSE OF THE LEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

They Are Prepossessing in Appearance, Robert Graves Says—How They Take the Air—Little Feet and Fat Hands. Economical Ways of the Minister.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—When the ladies of the Chinese legation go out for an airing there is a flutter in the neighborhood of Dupont circle. Windows are thrown up, blinds opened and heads and eyes everywhere appear. Children who have been content to play indoors, or at least inside yards, now find it necessary to go upon the street. Even their elders suddenly remember that they have errands at the corner drug store or the nearby grocery. The ladies of the Chinese legation out for a stroll are curiosities. American men and women do not think it rude to stare at these Mongolian ladies. What the Mongolians think of it is unknown, but they do not appear to mind it very much. When these raund faced, black hair creatures first ventured on the street, they did so with much shyness and diffidence.

They wore veils over their faces, and ventured but a few rods away from the legation house. Now they are bolder. They not only cast off veils, but laugh and chatter in public like so many school girls, and, like school girls again, feeling the self confidence of youth and liberty, they stare at other people as much as other people stare at them. Oh, they are rapidly learning the ways of the country, these pink cheeked, club footed Celestial belles! A year hence we will expect to find them riding bicycles and flirting in the Circle. Even now they cast right saucy glances at the good looking young men who stare at them, and toss their black heads and show their white teeth at the slightest provocation. Moreover, they are evidently fond of "guying" the Americans who stare at them so much.

Every day or so one may see some young man or woman, or perhaps two or three together, watch the Chinese ladies for a few minutes, and at closer range than courtesy warrants, and then turn and walk away, obviously crestfallen. It is not so easy to withstand the ridicule which these high bred ladies from heathendom put into their laughter, accompanied by sundry tosses of the head and significant looks in the direction of the curious onlookers; and though one cannot tell what all their merry gibberish is about, it is not difficult to imagine that they are cracking jokes to one another about the rudeness, the simplicity, the uncouthness and the ungovernable curiosity of the Americans.

OUT FOR AN AIRING.

It is not surprising that these three Mongolian ladies attract much attention when they appear on the streets. Their costumes, their brown skin, pinked with paint or health, one can hardly tell which; their luxuriant black hair tightly coiled, their jet black, slanting eyes are all very interesting. But their feet and their manner of walking are the novelties which chiefly attract the crowds and bring the neighbors to the front of their houses. Such walking was never before seen in this country. It is painful enough to bring tears to the eyes of one who loves womankind and who is shocked by deformity. The poor women do not walk at all. They simply hobble along like cripples. Their feet are mere clublike formations, bound and stunted, and without elasticity or power of helping the body to balance itself. In fact, the ladies walk like boys on stilts, with their feet far apart, one swinging around after another to prevent toppling over.

Yet the women do not seem to mind it. Their eyes are bright, their complexions ruddy, their laughter infectious. When they can they seize hold of fences or the boxing of shade trees to help themselves along in their painful progress. Mrs. Che, a large and good looking woman, is generally in the lead. Mrs. Yin, a small, almost dainty creature—if any woman can be dainty whose hands are larger than her feet—comes next. Mrs. Chin, who has eyes that might charm even an American, brings up the rear. These ladies walk out every fine day unattended. They rarely walk abreast, probably for fear that if an accident happened to one she might knock her companions over, all tumbling down like a row of boys' building blocks.

Indeed, it is the gossip of the housemaids living about Dupont Circle that just such an accident did once befall this quaint trio, but in all probability this is a mere over the back-fence fairy tale. A favorite walk with the three ladies is down P street past Secretary Blaine's house to the bridge over Rock creek, where they seat themselves on the masonry and watch the children playing near by. One day I saw Mrs. Che pick up a stone and endeavor to throw it into the water below. It was with her a performance of obvious difficulty. In the first place she found it necessary to retain hold of the iron railing in stooping to pick up the stone. Then her hand was so fat and her arm so clumsy that she was unable to do much more than lift the stone over the ramparts and let it fall. So awkward were her movements that her companions laughed heartily at her failure, and I could not help wondering if they had in China jokes about the awkwardness of a woman throwing a stone.

It is said these three aristocratic ladies—for all of them are highly born—are so clumsy with their fat hands that they are unable to dress and undress themselves, and that but for the help of their maid they would be quite helpless. By the way, they have but one maid between them, the present minister being an economical old chap, and the mystery is how they get along. Though he does not like to spend money in America the new minister is progressive in a good many things. He gives the ladies of his household much more liberty than any Chinese minister stationed here has ever before permitted. I have noticed, however, that while out walking Mrs. Che, Mrs. Yin and Mrs. Chin never go out of sight of the legation house, and while they are out a man servant stands in front of the legation and keeps an eye on them. Oddly enough, this servant is an Irishman, who has been employed here for six or eight years; and oddly enough, again, he is exceedingly fond of his employers. The minister's wife and her two companions are very fond of children, and many of the children in the neighborhood are fond of them. In their pockets the ladies always have sweetmeats—queer Oriental sweetmeats some of them are, too—and the children are not unmindful thereof, it is presumed, in making friends with the quaint ladies who cannot speak a word of English.

There has been quite a row in the Chinese legation. The new minister did not like some of the methods pursued by his predecessor, and some time ago set himself to the work of instituting various reforms. Under the old regime the attaches of the legation, of whom there are ten or twelve, had paid for their board and lodging in ratio to their salaries. The men who drew the highest salaries paid the largest board bills, and the younger men, the tyros in diplomatic service, were let off with smaller contributions. The new minister, however, declared in his business like way that a man was a man, and a boarder a boarder, no matter what his salary. This was a nice arrangement for the two or three chief attaches, but it was a hard blow to the others, whose weekly expenses were much increased, and they went on strike. They declared they would leave the legation house and find board and lodging elsewhere. More than this, they threw out many hints to the effect that the minister was trying to get enough out of the attaches to pay the entire expense, leaving his own purse sent free. The minister promptly called for authority in the premises, with the result that an imperial order has been issued to the effect that the attaches must live in the legation houses or resign. So the minister is master of the situation, and the strike is at an end.

The minister has made many other changes. He has forbidden his young men going to the theatre more than once a month. The attaches look upon this as a great hardship, as they are inordinately fond of the theatre, and had been in the habit of spending many of their evenings at the play or the opera. What the minister objected to was the tendency so noticeable among his young men toward falling in love with actresses or with the young ladies whom they escorted to places of amusement. He did not like to see his attaches, for whose moral and financial well being he felt himself responsible, throwing their money away on theatre tickets, flowers, carriages, suppers and presents to their inamoratas. So he has shut down on all that, and the slant eyed twains, therefore, have more money, but less fun, than they had under their former chief. The new minister does not entertain, and he has put the shadow of his disapproval upon all sorts of extravagance and dissipation on the part of his subordinates. More than one Washington belle yearns for the good old days in which the gay if not charming, and generous if not handsome, attaches of his imperial majesty's legation scattered diamonds, watches, silk dresses and other marks of their esteem among their female friends.

ROBERT GRAVES.

OREGON'S FIRST NEWSPAPER.

It Was Called the Oregon Spectator, and a Curious Sheet It Was.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 23.—"Thursday, February 5, 1846. Vol. I. No. 1." Such is the legend on the front page of a four column, four page paper, The Oregon Spectator, which was the first issue of the first newspaper ever printed in Oregon. This fact alone would not be considered in any sense remarkable, as all branches of industry must have a beginning, and of course newspapers had no home in a wilderness peopled by uncivilized tribes of dirty fish eating Indians, such as originally comprised the population of what is now Oregon.

But the articles making up this pioneer and frontier "Spectator" are interesting as furnishing an index to the social and other conditions existing in the then territory. The first page contains the "Organic Laws of Oregon," as recommended by the legislative committee of the territory.

The first section provides that "no person demeaning himself in a peaceable manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments." Then follow other sections providing for the government of the people. Section four declares that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude other than for the punishment for crimes" shall be permitted in the territory. Section five permits the carrying of arms for purposes of self defense.

Another section defines the conditions of land claims, and limits each holding to one square mile. This organic compact was duly established on the 5th of July, 1845.

In December following permission to hold 600 acres of prairie land and 40 acres of timber land, even though the tracts did not join, was granted by the legislature. An act was also passed absolutely prohibiting the manufacture or sale of ardent spirits in the territory under heavy penalties. (This act is not now in force.) An editorial prescription is given in this wise: "If your coat is comfortable, wear it a few months longer, even if the gloss is off. If you have no wife, get one; if you have, God bless her, stay home with her instead of spending your evenings in expensive fooleries. * * * If your circumstances are now embarrassed, they may soon become easy, no matter who is editor or what may be the price of flour."

The editorial page is filled with a declaration of principles which are to govern the paper. An advertisement sets forth that "John Travers and William Glaser" are prepared to make hats for Oregonians at a small profit, and adds, "Wool, beaver, otter, raccoon, wildcat, muskrat and mink skins will be taken in exchange for hats." This postoffice intelligence sets forth in a striking manner the almost utter isolation of Oregon at that time:

TO PERSONS WISHING TO SEND LETTERS EAST.

The postmaster general has contracted with Mr. H. Burns to carry the mail from Oregon City to Weston, in Missouri, for one trip only. Letters mailed at any of the offices, post paid, will be forwarded to any part of the United States. As the mail sent east by Mr. Burns will reach Weston early in the season, it would be advisable for those wishing to correspond with their friends in the east to avail themselves of this opportunity. Postage only fifty cents on single sheets.

It is hard to realize that so few years have passed by since "only fifty cents" was considered cheap postage on a single sheet letter in the bounds of the United States government.

A postoffice law was passed by the infant legislature in which occur some interesting bits of history. One clause provides that any free male, descendant of a white man, was eligible to carry the mails, and any mail contractor hiring any other person than a "free male descendant of a white man" to carry letters shall be subject to a fine for each offense. B. G. W.

Couldn't Have Stood the Contrast.

"I have thought of one or two clever things in my lifetime," said Willie Wishington, "but I didn't say them."

"Why not?"

"It would have been such a deneed disappointment whenever I opened my mouth afterward."—Washington Post.

Consideration.

The boys have been making a great deal of noise, and at last their father appears with a strap, and seizing Tommy begins to thrash him.

"Don't wear yourself out, father," says Tommy. "Remember that Billy and Johnnie have to get some too."—Texas Siftings.

In a Barber Shop.

Customer—When my uncle dies I'll have lots of money.

Lady Barber—What are you going to do when you become full heir to his money?

Customer—I am going to have you shave me fifteen to twenty times a day.—Texas Siftings.

A DARING JAILBREAK.

THE ESCAPE OF MORGAN, THE RAIDER, IN 1863.

A Passage Cut Through Twenty-three Feet of Masonry by Which Morgan and Five of His Officers Got Free and Scaled the Prison Wall.

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THE escape of Morgan, the raider, from the Ohio penitentiary in November, 1863, was a bold break for liberty. The raid upon which he was engaged when captured was the most daring undertaking during the civil war, and Gen. Morgan was a noted fighter and leader whom an enemy would much prefer to guard in a strong prison than to antagonize in the open field. The state of Ohio claimed Morgan and his officers as offenders against the commonwealth because they had been captured while raiding within its borders, and the military commander of the department, Gen. Burnside, turned them over to be treated as felons. The party, to the number of seventy, were accordingly placed in confinement in a wing of the penitentiary where the cells were set in solid masonry so as to form an interior structure, like a huge cage built in a large room. The cells were in five tiers and Morgan was on the second tier, and those who ultimately escaped with him were on the first. The doors of the cells were iron grates with bars an inch and a quarter wide and half an inch thick, placed two inches apart each way.

Morgan's men were not allowed to come in contact with civil prisoners. They were marched out across the prison yard to their meals, and were allowed daily exercise in the alleys running around their cells. The hall, as the room containing the cage was called, was under special guard. A turnkey was constantly on watch, two military sentinels patrolled the room alongside of the cage, the prison guards, warden and deputies made rounds of inspection, and no communication was allowed with any persons except the keepers unless military guards were present. Bstween sundown and sunrise the raiders were securely locked in their cells. They were not permitted to have newspapers and their correspondence was subjected to censorship.

Under these circumstances men of spirit naturally take great risk to breathe the air of freedom, and the raiders began to speculate on means of escape. One of the officers, Capt. Thomas H. Hines, after some study came to the conclusion that there must be an air chamber beneath the floor of the room, and on consultation with Morgan, Hines and five others of the same rank resolved to open a hole through the floor. They began work on the 4th of November with two steel case knives, and after cutting out six inches of cement and several layers of brick found a chamber underneath, six feet wide and four feet high. This chamber extended to the end of the wing. The preliminary work had been done with great secrecy. Hines' cell was selected to operate in, and the opening was made in the back part, underneath his iron cot. The material taken out was first placed in his bed tick and afterward removed to the chamber below. In order to avoid the eye of the scrub, Hines secured permission to clean his own cell as a means of exercise.

The air chamber was found to be too strongly walled in to offer a means of escape, but it proved an excellent place for secret labor in tunneling, and the plan was confided to several men of the Morgan party not included among those who were to escape. While others were working in the chamber below, which was during the day, of course, when the men were allowed the liberty of the whole room, Hines sat in the door of his cell deeply engaged in reading. This had been his favorite pastime before the tunnel was commenced, and was a successful device. By a system of signals made with raps on the floor Hines was able to give notice when any of the guards or keepers were in the vicinity and likely to overhear the work. But with all precautions there were narrow escapes from discovery. The prisoners were taken to dinner in squads, and one day a squad was summoned out of the usual order, while one man of the number was in the tunnel. The name of the missing man was called out persistently, and Gen. Morgan, who happened to be in the hall, said promptly to the turnkey, "He is lying down in my cell; he is sick." Then the general began to talk with the turnkey in a very flattering manner about a protest he thought of submitting to the authorities, and in this way beguiled the unwary fellow until the missing man got out of the tunnel and fell into his place.

The work was finally completed, after cutting through five feet of foundation wall beneath the cell, twelve feet of cemented filling and six feet of outer wall. Four feet of earth was removed to make a place of egress. As the men to escape would be confined at night in their separate cells it was necessary to open passages from each

A RECONNOITERING RUSE.

cell into the air chamber. This was done from underneath, and a thin shell of the floor cement was left in place so as to deceive the cell inspectors. The tunnel led no farther than the prison yard, and around this was a wall twenty-five feet high, which the fugitives must surmount in some way. For this purpose a rope was plaited from bedclothing torn into strips, and a stove poker supplied material for a strong grappling hook to secure one end of the rope to the top of the wall. Another nice point was to spy out a place to scale the wall, for it could not be seen from the prison windows by men standing on the floor. There chanced to be a ladder in the hall used for cleaning the ceiling, and one day when it stood in front of a window Gen. Morgan made a wager with a warden that a certain nimble man of his party could mount the long ladder from the under side hand over hand. The feat was permitted and was successfully done, and at the same time the active prisoner reconnoitered from the top of the ladder the surrounding outside.

When all was ready Morgan and the five fortunate men chosen to accompany him were provided with plain citizen's clothing and some greenbacks, all of which had been smuggled into the prison through friendship and bribery. A southbound train was known to pass Columbus at 1:15 a. m., and it was decided to escape immediately after the midnight round of the guard and reach that train. On Nov. 26 Morgan learned that a prison inspection would soon take place, and it was arranged to go out on the first dark night thereafter. The night of the 27th was cloudy and was chosen for the start. But here another nice point had to be gotten over. Gen. Morgan's cell was in the second tier and had no passage to the air chamber below, but the cell of his brother, Col. Richard Morgan, had been prepared for him for this special occasion, and when the warden ordered the prisoners to their cells on the evening of the 27th, the brothers, who were of the same stature, exchanged places and walked into the cells selected, with their backs to the doorway. The warden turned the bolts of the gratings without noticing the deception.

A few minutes past 12 o'clock the six men assembled in the air chamber nerved for the next encounter with whatever should oppose their flight to Dixie. The only weapons they could command were the case knives that had been used in digging, and which had become worn down to the shape of dirks. A few inches of earth was all that lay between them and the prison yard, and when that was reached it was found to be raining. The guards had abandoned their exposed beats on the prison wall and were hugging shelter in out of the way nooks to escape the storm. The fugitives mounted the wall by the aid of their rope and grappling hook and entered a convenient sentry box to exchange their telltale clothing for the new outfits which were to furnish a complete disguise. From the wall they descended to the ground by their rope and landed within sight of a party of prison guards, who stood around a fire absorbed in conversation. Gen. Morgan and Capt. Hines then separated from the others, went straight to the railway depot, purchased tickets, and entered the southbound train. Morgan took his seat beside a Union major who happened to be on board, and immediately entered into conversation with him as the best means to ward suspicion from himself. The train passed along under the prison wall, and the talkative major exclaimed to his fellow passenger, "There is where the rebel Morgan is for safekeeping."

"Yes," replied Morgan, "and I hope they will keep him as safe as he is now."

When the train neared Cincinnati Morgan and Hines jumped off, not wishing to

"HURRY UP, MAJOR."

run the gantlet of prying eyes in the city in case the fact of the daring escape had been promptly discovered and wired abroad. In truth, however, the jail break was not discovered until after daylight on the 28th, for the cots of each missing man had been planted with a serviceable dummy to deceive the wardens on their rounds. Seen through the cell gratings the cots appeared to have the usual occupants. The two chief fugitives crossed the Ohio at Cincinnati in a skiff and were soon among Kentucky friends, who furnished horses and guides. They would need to traverse the whole of Kentucky and part of Tennessee before they would be clear of the Union lines, and of course the region was alive with hostile soldiers. Friends of the fugitives could only aid them in secret. In a few days they had good pistols, money, fresh horses, and also cattle whips to disguise them as drovers.

After traveling nearly two weeks they came upon a party of forty of Morgan's command that had been cut off during the raid north and had remained in hiding. Morgan decided to resume his true character, and with this re-enforcement marched to the Tennessee river below Kingston. There was no boat at hand, but by borrowing an ax at the nearest house a raft was improvised. It took so long to ferry over the horses and men that the work was discovered by Union cavalry that was following not far behind. Morgan, Hines and thirty men had crossed, and the leader proposed to make a fight, but was at length dissuaded, and with Hines and four others took to the mountains. After wandering some time aimlessly, Hines left his companions beside a bridle path and went to a house for a guide. While absent on this errand he saw a body of Union cavalry moving in the direction of the general's hiding place. Dashing up to the cavalry leader he cried out, "Hurry up, major, or the rebels will escape," and led the scent in an opposite direction.

Representing himself as a home guard, Hines kept up the byplay for some time, but finally had to confess his identity. In fact his effort at deception was uphill work, for the Morgan party had been recognized at the house where the ax had been borrowed for the raft. The cavalry major was so enraged with Hines for leading him away from his prize that he prepared to hang him on the spot. "I would not have missed getting him [Morgan] for a thousand dollars. It would have been a general's commission for me," he declared. A halter was placed around Hines' neck and thrown over the limb of a tree, when the condemned man coolly said, "Suppose that was Gen. Morgan and I have led you astray; wouldn't I, being a member of his command, deserve to be hanged if I had not done what you charge me with?"

The major thought a moment and then exclaimed, "Boys, let him alone!"

Hines had an eventful experience, but subsequently escaped. When Morgan heard the cavalry galloping away from his vicinity he started south with the four men, and after several adventures and hairbreadth escapes from death reached his own lines. GEORGE L. KILMER.

The Voice of Experience.

First Collegian—This newspaper talk about the brutality of football is perfectly ridiculous.

Second Ditto—Simply idiotic—hand me the arnica, will you?—Puck.

After Many Years.

Mrs. O'Flaherity—Your sister has another child, Pat.

Mr. O'Flaherity—Is it a boy or a girl?

"A girl."

"Thank—I'm on grist at last."—Life.

THE SONG OF THE MARKET PLACE.

Gay was the throng that poured through the
streets of the old French town;
The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags
tossed up and down.
"Vive Froi! Vive Froi!" the shout of the people
rent the air,
And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells
were all ablare.

But, crouched by St. Peter's fount, a beggar with
her child,
Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were
sad and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried as it went
and came—
"Alms, for the love of God! Pity in Jesu's name!"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she
bore,
But she looked at her starving babe and cried
from her heart the more;
"Alms, for the love of God! Mother of Jesu,
hear!"
The steeples shook with bells, and the prayer was
drowned in a cheer.

But see! through the thoughtless crowd comes
one with a regal face.
He catches the beggar's prayer, and turns with a
gentle grace;
"Alms thou shalt have, poor soul!—Alas, not a
sou to share!
But stay!"—and he doffs his hat and stands in the
crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the
south,
A far off cradle song, that fell from his mother's
mouth.
And the din was hushed in the square, and the
people stood as mute
As the beasts in the Thracian wood when Orpheus
touched his lute.

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the
list'ners came.
"Mario!" cried a voice, and the throng caught up
the name.
"Mario!" and the coins rained like a shower of
gold,
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed like Midas' chests
of old.

"Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar
crouching there,
"Take it; the gold is thine; Jesu hath heard thy
prayer"—
Then kissed the white faced child, and smiling
went his way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts and the joy of
holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the
famous tenor's face,
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his
wonted princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and stormed at with
flowers, he stood
Like a dark and noble pine, when the blossoms
blow through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he
had sung in the square.
Raising his hand he smiled, and a silence filled
the place,
While he sang that simple air, with the love light
on his face.

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note
died away—
Brightest of all his days, the wreath that he won
that day!
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's
sake,
Song of the market place, tribute of laurel take.
—James Buckham.

DER ALTE CHAPERON.

They all thought he was a fool; but then they often make mistakes like that. Kangaroos can't jump like women when the women are jumping at conclusions. You see, the trouble was that Collis Beattie—Collie they called him when they wanted to be funny—did not have much to say. He used to lie about the hotel veranda in a big steamer chair and read novels. He wore a yachting suit and cap and a silk shirt. He did not look a bit salt, because the skin of his face was as white and as smooth as a baby's. So they laughed at him for wearing a yachting suit. All the other fellows wore them, because it was a yachting port upon the sound, and pretty much every one went in for sailing, which was about all there was to do at the place. Collie went sailing once or twice when some generous fellow took pity on him and invited him. Then the women laughed at him more, and in strange German called him Der Alte Chaperon—the Old Chaperon—because he always went down into the cabin, stretched himself on a locker and fell asleep. They said he was afraid the spray would spoil his complexion.

Collie didn't seem to know that he was being laughed at. If he did know it he did not mind it. He never said anything, but went on reading novels. German novels, too; and he read them in the original. It was most exasperating. What business had a man at a gay, active summer resort to wear nautical toggery, have a skin like a queen's baby and read German novels? Once some one said to him:

"Come and play a game of billiards."

"Thank you," he replied, "it's a little too much for me you know."

He certainly was a fool—and a lazy one, too. They tried him on several things, but he lay in the steamer chair and read German. And there were at least six beautiful girls in the hotel. And every one of them had been piqued into trying to interest him. But he just staid in the steamer chair and read German, or went to sleep in the cabin of the yacht.

He didn't get seasick. They remembered that after he was gone, as one of his good qualities. They had him out one day when it blew fresh and there was a lively sea on, but he went to sleep like a rocked infant. He certainly was the most torpid man that ever lived.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bisbee one morning. "Miss Silvers is coming here next week. Perhaps she'll wake him up."

"You don't mean Mattie Silvers, do you?" exclaimed Gertie Greer.

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, dear!"

And Gertie's mouth went down at the corners.

"What's the matter with Mattie Silvers?" inquired Ethel Brisket.

"Oh, nothing," answered Gertie, dejectedly; "only I was at a place where she was once."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Sybil Vane, that tall, white girl, you remember.

"Well," sighed Gertie, "every man in the house dropped right down at her feet."

"Oh, my! is she so very wonderful?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Gertie; "just the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and with two little millions in her own right."

There was a painful silence and all the young women looked glum. Gertie was not a girl to be sneezed at, and she used her mirror. Her dejection was ominous. The girls gazed anxiously at Mrs. Bisbee.

"I don't want to be disagreeable," she said smoothly, "but I'm afraid it's true."

"What's her style?" asked Sybil.

"Brown," replied Mrs. Bisbee, sententiously.

"Brown!"

"Yes; burnt sienna. Burnt sienna hair and eyes, dusky pink cheeks, dusky crimson lips, silk plush complexion—all cream and coax—and two millions from her uncle," said Harold Beaver, who had just come up.

There was a general biting of lips.

"Haven't seen her for three years," he continued, "and"——

"Ah! Perhaps she has faded!" exclaimed Ethel.

"The dusky browns don't fade much," said Harold.

"No," said Mrs. Bisbee. "I saw her in a box at the Metropolitan last winter, and she was radiant."

"Why, she doesn't belong in New York," Sybil said.

"No, Baltimore," responded Harold.

"I don't see what she wants to come away up here for," grumbled Ethel spitefully. "What's the matter with Chesapeake bay?"

"Well, she's coming next week," said Mrs. Bisbee, moving away with Harold. "I had a letter from her mother today."

"I hope she'll like him," said Ethel, looking scornfully at Collie in his steamer chair.

"That will not do any good," answered Gertie; "the other men will all like her."

"Of course," said Sybil; "we're not worth two millions, any of us."

"And we're not dusky browns," snapped Ethel, caressing a stray raven lock; "'all cream and coax.' Humph!"

"But she's a lovely girl," sighed Gertie; "or she was two years ago. I haven't met her since then. I was at Cape May. You can't help liking her."

"Oh, yes, I can, and I will," decided Ethel as they rose to go down to the water.

The day before this paragon of heiresses was expected Phil Partridge invited all hands to go sailing on his sloop. And then he got a telegram which compelled him to go to the city. But he insisted on their going sailing just the same. His sailing master would take them, and they could invite Der Alte Chaperon to go along as his substitute. That made them laugh. But they got Collie out of his steamer chair and took him along just the same. Of course, he went right down into the cabin and prepared to go to sleep.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Bisbee, "that's a little too bad. The only man in the party. I wouldn't stand it, girls."

"Man!" exclaimed Ethel. "Call that pudding faced gelatine a man! Lord forgive us."

"Oh, I say, Ethel," remonstrated Gertie, "you ought not to talk like that."

"Don't say 'ought' to me. I'm tired of doing what I ought to do."

Ethel was 26 and her skin was growing yellow under her eyes.

"Go down into the cabin and keep Der Alte Chaperon awake," suggested Sybil.

"Do it yourself."

"Not such a bad idea," said Sybil, slipping down the companionway.

Collie Beattie was not asleep yet. He sat up and stared as the tall, white girl came below.

"Awfully good of you, you know," he murmured.

"Oh, it's not so very good; but what do you mean?"

"I mean your coming down here to keep me awake."

Sybil turned just a trifle pink under the ears. Had he been listening to their conversation on deck? It must have edified him, she thought.

"I came down to keep myself awake," she said hastily, and then added, inconsistently, "Why don't you go on deck and enjoy the breeze?"

"Because I can't enjoy the breeze," he answered.

"It's too strong for you, I suppose," said Sybil, with a touch of scorn.

"Yes, much too strong."

"Makes you chilly."

"Yes, makes me chilly."

"Might spoil your complexion."

"My what?"

"Your complexion."

"Didn't know I had any."

"You're as white and pink as a baby."

"That's true, but I don't think that's much of a complexion for a man, you know."

"Neither do I. I should think you'd get a little sunburn on you just from shame."

Collie laughed. He seemed to be immensely amused. He had a funny way of being amused at things that didn't amuse other people. It was jolly for him, but it made the other people angry.

"If you're going to laugh at my conversation I'm going back to the—the girls," exclaimed Sybil, springing up the steps.

Collie laughed some more. Then he stretched himself on the cabin locker and laughed again. Next he closed his eyes and smiled. A minute later he was sound asleep. All the women came down and looked at him half an hour later. He didn't seem much to look at. He had deep lines under his eyes when he slept, and a worn appearance. Yet they all looked at him and despised him. He just slept on and didn't mind it.

"Valuable person to have on a yachting excursion, isn't he?" whispered Ethel, with a genuine growl in her pretty voice. "If I had a thing like that for a husband I'd—but I'd never have one."

"Let's go on deck. I do believe it's fallen dead calm," said Mrs. Bisbee.

So it had. The Clover's mast was plumb perpendicular. So were her mainsail and her jib. The water looked like molasses. And it was seething hot. The skipper said there was going to be a squall, and sent the one sailor, a boy, aloft to furl the topsail. The skipper was right. There was going to be a squall. Big blue black clouds were piling up in the northwest. Lightning played around their lower edges. The skipper said it would not be a bad squall. The Clover would stand it under jib and mainsail. It came along in a few minutes. You could see it strike the water over near the Connecticut shore. It made the surface six shades darker. The girls had their rubber goods on, but the skipper said it would not rain. However, they had heard skippers say that before. The squall came bounding over the sound.

Then, they never knew how it happened, but the boom gave a terrific jump right across the yacht. It hit the skipper on the head and knocked him senseless. The next moment he was halfway over the lee rail with seven shrieking women pulling at him. The yacht was pretty nearly on her beam ends and the sailor boy was paralyzed.

Then Collie Beattie walked up out of the cabin rubbing his eyes.

"Did some one scream?" he asked.

"Oh, look at that useless thing!" cried Ethel, tugging at the leg of the skipper's trousers.

Whereupon Collie woke up.

He brushed the women aside like so many flies and pulled the skipper into the cockpit. Then he let go the jib sheet, and the yacht righted partly.

"Here, my lad," he called to the boy, "take the wheel." The boy obeyed, and Collie pulled off his coat. There was a red spot in each of his cheeks.

"What's he going to do?" inquired Gertie, awestruck.

"Lord knows I'm glad to see him do anything," said Ethel.

"Hard down upon your helm!" exclaimed Der Alte Chaperon. "Mrs. Bisbee, you and Miss Sybil please hold the wheel there a minute. Now, lad, main sheet; in with it!"

Collie and the boy got the main boom trimmed flat as the yacht came up into the wind. The jib flapped madly.

"Right your helm!" cried Collie.

"The boy obeyed the order.

"Keep your head to it," was his next order.

Then Collie sprang forward and slacked the jib halyards, unbent the sheet, slid out on the bowsprit, which was plunging into the young seas like a crazy porpoise, reefed the jib, came back, bent on the sheet and hoisted away again, while the women huddled in the cockpit like petrified mummies.

"Now let her blow," said Collie as he went aft, put on his coat and took the wheel.

"Get the captain below," said he to the boy, "and give him a good horn of brandy. He's coming to."

The boy dragged the skipper downstairs, the women all following in silence to see if they could do anything. Sybil Vane asked the boy when they were below whether he hadn't better go up and sail the yacht.

"Guess not," said the boy. "That feller don't need no help. I can see that without a telescup."

The boy's judgment appeared to be right. It was blowing great guns. But the Clover was riding like a canvasback duck. Collie looked very composed at the wheel. The girl stared up the companionway at him. He seemed to be enjoying it. The captain recovered his senses presently and hurried on deck.

"Go below and lie down, captain," said Collie; "your head must be rattling like a locker of shot in a gale."

The captain looked surprised.

"Who reefed the jib?" he asked.

"I did," said Collie, humoring her neatly with the helm.

The captain watched him do it. Then he went below and stretched himself on Collie's favorite locker.

"That man's the best amateur sailor I ever saw," he said.

The women looked at one another and heaved long sighs of relief.

"That useless thing appears to be some good after all," said Mrs. Bisbee to Ethel.

"Hum!" said Ethel.

Collie sailed the Clover back to her anchorage off the hotel after the squall. They all went ashore and he immediately retired to his room and was seen no more until the next day. About noon he was discovered in the steamer chair with an unusually formidable German novel. They surrounded him and began to thank him for bringing them in safely. He didn't seem to pay much attention to them. Just kept listening for something down the road. Presently the hotel stage came rattling up from the station.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Bisbee, beckoning the girls. And they all deserted their preserver to see the beautiful heiress. She was beautiful. There was no mistaking that. The girls groaned inwardly. She came airily up the steps, her brown eyes aflame with expectation. She caught sight of Der Alte Chaperon lying in his steamer chair. She ran right to him, threw both arms about his neck and publicly kissed him on the lips.

"Collie dear!" she said passionately. "But, dear old fellow, you look real done up, and I expected to find you so much better."

Better? He must have been sick, then, when he came down.

"Well, sweetheart," he replied, laughing, "I have been mending slowly but surely till yesterday, when I had to do a little work aboard a boat and"——

"Aboard a boat! Now, dear, you know the doctor said you were not to exert yourself, and when you sail a boat you always"——

"But we got caught in a squall and the captain—well, perhaps these young ladies will explain. Let me introduce you all to my fiancee."

And then the whole crew of them figuratively got right down on their knees and worshiped Der Alte Chaperon.

It isn't much of a story, is it? But then it has a moral. Two, maybe.—W. J. Henderson in New York Times.

Dr. Koch was until ten years ago an obscure country physician. His practice and his reputation did not extend beyond the limits of the little town of Woolstein, a place so small and unimportant that it is only with much difficulty it can be found upon the map.

Twould Be Dangerous.

"Does Willie Pickens play the banjo by ear?" asked one young woman of another.

"No; I don't believe he would dare to try any fancy tricks like that with his ear. He would drop the banjo in and lose it."

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

A Suggestion to Prospective Entertainers. A Picturesque Mother Goose Party.

Among picturesque and pretty entertainments of the past summer The Art Interchange tells of a "Mother Goose party" which may interest prospective entertainers. The costumes embraced most of the characters in "Mother Goose" melodies, from the king and queen in "Sing a Song of Sixpence" down to little Miss Muffet, known to fame from her encounter with the spider. The hostess was dressed as Mother Goose, with her faithful bird under her arm. Bo Peep, Jack and Gill, the splendid group of beggars "in rags and tags and velvet gowns," the king, queen and knave of hearts were among the motley throng, and all the costumes were well chosen and well carried out. The supper was served on small tables scattered about in various places. The places were drawn by lots in the shape of small tickets, held in a gilded basket in the hands of Mother Goose herself. After supper a cotillion was danced, at which many pretty favors appeared.

Asking for Invitations.

It is proper for intimate friends to ask for invitations for other friends to a ball, says Mrs. Sherwood, particularly for young gentlemen who are "dancing men." More prudence should be exercised in behalf of ladies, but the hostess has always the privilege of saying that her list is full if she does not wish to invite her friends' friends, and no offense should be taken if the refusal be politely given.